The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 25. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1892. WHOLE NO. 2158

The Somerset Hrald

ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be continued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

A. L. G. HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa. Office with Valentine Hay, Esq.

ED. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 97 Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Office in Odd Fellows' Building.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA. Office with F. J. Kooser, Esq.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office with John H. Uhl.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House.

J. J. SOTT. J. G. OGLE.
SCOTT & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on real estate terms.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

A. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and penetrably attended to. Office on Main Cross street, opposite Mammoth Block.

J. W. CARUTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office on Union street, next door to Printing House. Night calls at office.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA., Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to Commercial Hotel.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. East of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown,) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of drug store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry,) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations warranted satisfactory. Office in the office of Dr. J. J. Lowell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Union streets.

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburgh Department, Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils
Naphth and Gasoline,

that can be made from petroleum, and challenges comparison with any other known PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.

If you wish the best uniformly

Satisfactory Oils

—IN THE—

American Market,

Ask for sale. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BERKITS AND FRIEAGE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA.

12-1 yr.

NO. 88 FRANKLIN STREET.
JOHNSTOWN SUPPLY HOUSE.
JOHN H. WATERS & BRO.
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.

We are now established in our new building, which we can safely say, is the best-arranged for our business in Western Pennsylvania. Everything pertaining to the Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting business—tried in stock.

We will, as formerly, give careful attention to the STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING business. Our former efforts in this line embrace some of the largest buildings in the county, with entire success.

In the SUPPLY DEPARTMENT we carry a full line of Rubber and Leather Belting, Steam and Water Hose, Valves, Injectors, Lubricators, Steam Gauges, Iron Pipe Fitting, Etc. Prices quoted on application.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.

CAPITAL - - - - $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $8,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LaRue M. Hicks. W. H. Miller,
James L. Pugh, Chas. H. Fisher,
John R. Scott, Geo. R. Scull,
Fred W. Biesecker.

EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT
VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

Somerset County National Bank
OF SOMERSET, PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

CAPITAL, $50,000.

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't
Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Sam'l Snyder, Wm. Endsley,
Josiah Specht, James M. Cook,
John H. Snyder, John Stutt,
Joseph R. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stutt, Noah S. Miller,
Sam. B. Harrison.

Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.

Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.

Money and valuables secured by use of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.

Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar8-6m

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST CO.
121 & 123 Fourth Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital - - - $1,000,000
Undivided Profits $200,000.
INSURES TITLE TO REAL ESTATE.
Authorized to act as
Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Trustee, Assignee, Receiver, &c.
DEALS IN
RELIABLE INVESTMENT SECURITIES.
Rents boxes in its Superior Vaults from $5.00 per annum upwards.
Receives deposits and loans on mortgages and approved collaterals.
JOHN B. JACKSON, President.
JAMES J. DONNELL, Vice President.
C. B. McVAY, Secretary and Treas.

AMERICAN HOTEL.
Owned and Operated by
S. P. SWEITZER, Cumberland, Md.
This hotel is first-class in all its appointments, remodeled and refurnished, and the finest location in the city, at the head of Baltimore street. Street cars pass its doors every few moments. First-class porters attend all trains. Luggage to the Hotel free of charge. Directly back of the Hotel is a first-class

Livery Establishment,

where rigs of all descriptions can be had at moderate rates. The bar of this Hotel is stocked with the finest grades of Whiskies, Wines and Beers. Also on hand a large stock of

Imported Cigars.

Persons anticipating matrimony can have their troubles and cares reduced to nothing by stopping at this Hotel, where license can be procured without extra charge. Don't be taken in by colored hackmen, but come direct to the Hotel.

The undersigned has on hand a large stock of
SOMERSET COUNTY WHISKY, Old Rye,
Which he offers at Wholesale and in small quantities, at the following prices:

Two Year old at $2 25 per gallon.
Three " " $2 50 " "
Four " " $3 00 " "

Address all orders to Nos. 137, 139, and 141 Baltimore St., Cumberland, Md.

S. P. SWEITZER, Proprietor.

R. M. BEACHY,
Veterinary Surgeon,
treats all curable diseases horse flesh is heir to. Has the latest and most improved veterinary surgical instruments and appliances, also a complete veterinary library.

Veterinary Obstretrics a Specialty.

A complete stock of veterinary medicines always on hand, thereby saving trouble and annoyance.

Horses taken for treatment for $2.50 per week and upwards, according to treatment required. Consult me before killing your broken-legged and tetanized horses. I have treated tetanus or locked-jaw successfully.

Place of residence, 3 miles west of Salisbury, Pa. Postoffice address,

Grantsville, - Md

ST. CHARLES
HOTEL.
CHAS. S. GILL, Proprietor.
Rates: $2.00 to $3.00 per day.
Table unsurpassed. Remodeled with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light in all rooms. New steam laundry attached to house.
Cor. Wood St. and Third Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. SELLERS' NEVER FAILS COUGH SYRUP. SOLD BY DRUGGIST

Mr. Herman Hicks
Of Rochester, N. Y.

Deaf for a Year
Caused by
Catarrh in the Head

Catarrh is a CONSTITUTIONAL disease, and requires a CONSTITUTIONAL REMEDY like Hood's Sarsaparilla to cure it. Read:

"Three years ago, as a result of catarrh, I entirely lost my hearing and was deaf for more than a year. I tried various things to cure it, and had several physicians attempt it, but no improvement was apparent. I could distinguish no sound. I was intending putting myself under the care of a specialist when some one suggested that possibly Hood's Sarsaparilla would do me some good. I began taking it without the expectation of any lasting help. To my surprise and great joy I found when I had taken three bottles that my hearing was returning. I kept on till I had taken three more. It is now over a year and I can hear perfectly well. I am troubled but very little with the catarrh. I consider this a remarkable case, and cordially recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all who have catarrh." HERMAN HICKS, 20 Carter Street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

ALWAYS THE CHEAPEST
Nathan's
Johnstown, PA.

PIC-NIC GOODS.

Pic-nic Plates, per dozen, 7c.
Pic-nic Mugs, Planished Tin, 5c.
Pic-nic Knives and Forks, 8c.
Pic-nic Spoons, per dozen, 10c.
Pic-nic Folding Cups, 9c.
Pic-nic Lemon Squeezers, 9c.
Pic-nic Baskets, 25c

NATHAN'S,

Wholesale Retailer.

FANCY WORK.

Some Great Bargains in

IRISH POINT LUNCH AND TRAY CLOTHS

Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored Bedford Cord Table Covers, stamped ready for working. Singed Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Singed Plush Cushion Covers, Bargarran Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs; Hem-stitched Hot Biscuit and Roll Napkins. A new and large line of hem-stitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 60cts up.

Stamped Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35cts up. Table Covers from 50 cts. up. A full line of Figured

IN DIASILKS,

All New Patterns and Colorings. Also,

Figured Plush,

24 and 33 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.

Waban Netting,

48 inches wide, 50 cents per yard, in Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow. THE NEW THING for Draping Mantles and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Head-rests, from 25c up.

Visit our Table Linen, Towel, Napkins, Muslin, Sheeting and Linen Department, by all means.

HORNE & WARD.

41 FIFTH AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TWO UNUSUALLY GOOD OFFERS.

Real Christmas Gifts,

FIRST.—The great Holiday No. enlarged to 256 pages of that brightest of quarterly publications,

"TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS,"

Out December first, all news and book stands and railway trains, price 50 cents, will be sent

—FREE—

To all who send $1.00 for 3 months' trial subscription to

TOWN TOPICS.

The largest, raciest, strongest, most varied and entertaining weekly journal in the world.

SECOND.—To all who will send $5.00, will be sent Town Topics and "Tales from Town Topics," from date until January 1, 1893, covering 5 Nos. of the inimitable quarterly, (regular price $2.50), and 12 months of the greatest of family weeklies (regular price $4.00 per year).

Take one or the other offer at once and remit by postal notes, orders or New York Exchange to

Town Topics, 21 West 23d St., N. Y

BE THOU OUR GUIDE.

When the shadows fall around us,
At the dying of the day,
And when dangers thick surround us
All along our darksome way,
Let thy presence, Lord, be near us,
Guide us gently through the night,
Give thy precious word to cheer us
Till we reach the morning light;
Guide us gently, Father, guide us
'Mid the shadows on our way,
Hand in hand Thyself beside us,
Guide us on to perfect day.

When fierce storms in wild commotion
Sweep like demons through the air,
And the angry waves of ocean
Scatter, ruin everywhere;
Do thou calm the raging billows,
Fill our sky with silver beams,
Smooth our tossing, weary pillows,
Give us rest and peaceful dreams;
Guide us gently, Father, guide us
As we ride the mighty deep;
Hand in hand Thyself beside us,
Give Thine own beloved sleep.

When with burdens life is weary,
And with grieving hearts grow cold,
When the way seems long and dreary
As the years their cares unfold;
Give us strength for toil and sorrow,
Warm our hearts with heavenly love,
Gild our pathway with the morrow,
Brightly gleaming from above;
Guide us gently, Father, guide us—
Whatever our lot may be—
Hand in hand Thyself beside us,
O'er Life's sunset hills—to Thee.

HOW WE STRUCK IT.

One of Joaquin Miller's Frontier Tales.

"If I had only come here away back in the early fifties!" sighed a dreamy man to me as we waited for the train at Fruitvale last week. And another man chipped in and sighed also as he said: "Flush times then, you bet, and big strikes; but I only got here in the seventies—got here without a cent and have held my own right along!"

First let me once for all disabuse the popular mind about the flush times and big strikes of the early fifties. Yes, there were big strikes, but they were, like the big generals of our great war, not the rule. You hear of big strikes and you hear of the big generals. The thousands and hundreds of thousands that perished in the ranks you never hear about.

For the benefit of the dreamy man who sits waiting and lamenting let me say the openings and opportunities are better to-day than they were in the seventies, and they were better in the seventies than they were in the fifties. The wear and tear of life was so terrible then too. Every dollar cost about two dollars and a half to get in those days.

It has been estimated, and I think about correctly, that if each miner had received twenty-five cents a day and board for his labor—and such labor sixteen hours a day generally—we would have had more gold-dust than we got in those famous "early fifties."

So cease this deploring that you came so late to California, my dreamful friend. Of course we would all like to live over the impetuous old days again; but I doubt if you who don't get on to day would have gotten on then. Better, far better for you, or all, to settle down content by some sweet village in this fair land, where you can have clean clothes, good food, books, papers, the presence of woman and all the healthful refinements that attend her, than sit sighing for the days of old. You can at least get your board and twenty-five cents a day, and that, be assured, is more than we got on the average to the man, notwithstanding all our privations.

An old forty-niner from New Bedford, Mass., Mr. Haskins, who has written a very readable book about his fellow argonauts—and a very important book it is, as it contains the names of more than 35,000 of them—told me that of the 3,000 who came from his town, first and last, it was hard to find more than a very few who were much ahead in the world. He told me that on returning home after forty years he and his old friends took 300 of their select young men who came and compared their fortunes with 300 similar young men who remained at home, and they found that the proportion of those who had prospered at home was as ten to four against those who had come in forty-nine. On the other hand, they found that notwithstanding the perils and hardships, the proportion of argonauts still living was ten to three against those who remained in New Bedford.

Some day, my dreamful friends who lament your late coming and are continually taking the free local trains of Oakland in order to fly from fog as a contagion. I will sit down and tell you how to make fortunes right here by the Bay of San Francisco far easier than they were made in the "early fifties." But for the present the contract is to tell you how we struck it in the middle fork of Humbug creek.

I had a "pard" for about a week, winter of 1855. He was not yet twenty, small for his age, and I was not thirteen. "A fool for luck, and so Pat Flannigan, the banker at Coos Bay, stated—so he said—and Frank Campbell, of the Howlin' Wilderness saloon, started us. Neither of us, let it be frankly told, had enough practical sense to come in when it rained. Surely we would strike it, if there was a bit of truth in the old adage.

His name was Hi Williams Miller, so he said, and he claimed to be kin of mine, but I afterward claimed that his name was Miller Williams. He was a fearful liar, and had about as much conscience as a rubber band.

Boots and pick and pan and shovel, bacon, flour, frying pan, beans and blankets, and so, half hidden under our huge loads, we crept out of camp at midnight up the narrow trail of the middle fork between high walls of snow. For he had a "pointer," he lisped, from old Boles, killed two years later in the Pitt river massacre.

How in the world Hi Miller Williams managed to keep all this name I don't see. Names were rare luxuries in those days, especially long ones like this, and many a good old man may be found in those mountains to this day with name and date and nationality all worn away and gone as from an old quarter. But the true silver, trust God, is still there.

Three miles up the creek, a mile above the very last cabin; the last mile or two solid snow, soft and impassable by day because of the sun, but hard as steel by night, and here we laid down our loads by daylight and took shelter in a brush shed built by Alva Boles. We fried our bacon and flapjack and ate like wolves.

On the third day, discouraged and disgusted, for not a color as yet had we found, we took the tools and climbed up out of the canon to a warm mountain side that lay to the sun. It was pleasant here. Some tall, wild flowers had shot through the brown carpet of pine quills by the edge of a foaming, tumbling stream, made muddy from a slide on the hillside above. My "pard" did not like work, but he was always making it appear that he was moving mountains. After basking in the sun a bit he took the pick and pushed on up, and soon had the bowlders tumbling and rumbling down the angry stream, while I sat there and pulled some of the prettiest flowers. It was like picking the patterns out of brown brussels carpet; they were so soft and fine and spiritual. They had such delicate, fresh tinted little stems, and the new blue blossoms were as blue as the eyes of a baby. But they went to sleep closed their eyes forever almost as soon as I pulled them out of the warm brown carpet—they were so new and tender.

I heard a wild shout, and springing up I saw two arms tossed in the air, and a little bare, black head thrown back till the face looked straight up to the center of the blue tent of heaven. The big little man walked toward me majestically down the mountain side, tip-toeing, on eggs! Ah, but he was tall!

We—he had struck it.

Going back with him we found the water clear here, flashing down over a curiously green and brown and white floor of bare bedrock, and here, right through this, where his pick had struck, gleamed and shot and flashed a glittering seam of solid mealt.

If you could have seen those swinging, sweeping arms! That windmill that overthrew Don Quixote was nothing in its velocity and persistence. I was made to comprehend that the vein ran here and that it ran there; was boundless; that the mountain was in fact one solid mass of virgin gold! Yet he said not a word—only those arms.

We got a piece of it out, more than a pound, and almost pure. I battered off a piece of crag, rods up the hill, and that, too, was heavy, almost solid.

We sat late by the fire that night after supper, and it was later still when he spoke for the first time, and then he spoke almost spasmodically:

"To buy California first, all California, including this mountain of solid gold. That's it, you see, before they find out that gold is so plenty; then buy Oregon, on time; then come and get the gold; buy Ireland, poor Ireland! By Gosh! Then buy England; go right to Victoria and buy her crown and her throne on contract; good lawyer, so she can't back out; then come back and get the gold."

He was silent for a time, and then with his face lifted far above me as if searching for the north star, he said half savagely:

"Say, straight over the mountains to Yreka to-night on the crust, Flannigan not to know a word, nor Campbell; straight to Yreka; got enough already to bind contracts, buy California and Contract with the Oreganians before to-morrow night!"

Another pause, then suddenly again:

"Say, look here; I might kill you and keep the whole thing. It's all my find, anyhow."

And bless me if he didn't look as if he might. Anyhow the camp fire was smoking on my side and I got up and leaned against a post. Then he got up, too, and said, "Come on, let's go."

I followed the desperate little rascal, keeping behind him all the way to Yreka, where we arrived just as Greathouse & Slicer opened their bank. Breathless and with face still lifted far above me, the boy who was going to buy Queen Victoria's throne and crown and have her throw in Ireland, strode up to where Charley Slicer, now in Oakland, was buying dust and laid the nuggets before his eyes. "Pure stuff!"

Young Slicer turned it over and over, took up a glass, looked at it carelessly, and then handing it back as he turned to attend to some one else, said, sotto voice, "Yes, pretty pure—copper."

I got a job as cook on Greenhorn next day, and poor Hi, after getting himself into pecks of trouble and mixing himself up with me and my affairs, died at Red Bluff, with his face still lifted to the stars, I am told.

Texas Target Shooting.

Three or four drummers, home from the West, were talking in the hotel office about some of the target shooting they had seen among the cowboys, says the *Detroit Free Press*, and the tales they told were evidently listed for heavy discounts. Listening very intently and quietly to all they said was an agricultural-looking man, and when they had finished he put in: "Some men mightn't believe the stories you gentlemen have been telling," he said, "but I do. I've just got in from Texas, and I saw some shooting down there that would make me believe anything."

"For instance?" suggested one of the drummers as the new candidate appeared to have some doubts about going ahead.

"Well," he continued, in a grateful tone, "I saw several of the feats you mentioned, but one day I saw a thing that beat them all. There was a company of militia called the Crocket riflemen, or something like that, with about 100 or 110 men in it, shooting at a target at long range and making more bull's eyes than I ever witnessed. Finally the captain put up a target twelve feet square with a six-inch hole in the center at 200 yards, and formed the entire company in front of it. The command to load was given and then very slowly came 'Aim-fire,' and by thunder, gentlemen, there wasn't a bullet mark on that target. Every ball had gone through the hole in the middle!"

The agricultural gentleman looked at the drummers a minute, and they looked at him and then rose silently and went upstairs to bed.

A Hard Fight.

The combined forces of the weather during the winter months are exerted to destroy health. Coughs and Colds attack us, which, if neglected, result in Pneumonia and Consumption. These diseases usually result seriously. Send for Pan-Tina, the great Cough and Consumption cure, and save doctor bills. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Brick White's Banties.

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and two people were unhappy—J. Knox Faber, newspaper man, because he did not have a pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving story which was due on the city editor's desk the following morning, and "Brick" White, newsboy, because he did have a pathetic idea for a Thanksgiving story, and at 9 o'clock that evening Faber was crossing City Hall park, New York, when a pleading voice addressed him.

"Hey, boss, please buy a yuckstra. I'm stuck wid twenty, 'an ef I don' sell 'em de ole woman's goin to kill me banties." The speaker was a very small boy with a very large bundle of papers. Faber glared fixedly into the boys eyes until they filled with tears.

"You're not lying to me? What's your name and what are your banties?"

"Hope to die boss, if I ain't giving it to ye straight. Me name's Brick White an' I got a banty ranty rooster an' a hen, an' they're me pets, an' ef I don' git enough money fer to buy a chickin fer Jen's Thanksgiving dinner the ole woman's goin'—goin' to chop off the bantie's heads off." The boy was sobbing now, and boring one cold and grimy fist into his eyes. Faber drew him out of the rush and interviewed him.

"Ye see boss, when I was a fresh air kid las summer over'n Jersey I got stuck on a couple o' banties. They'd come when I called 'em and eat out o' me hand, an' I hadn't seen no banties before, an' he was such a regular little slugger, he was—w'y, say, he'd sail into de bigges' rooster on de hull farm an' do 'em, too, he would—an' the woman she give 'em to me fer a present. I lugged 'em home wid me and fixed up a coop in de windy, an' now every day de little hen she'll go 'chuck, chuck, tecack-ut!' and lay de littlest white egg ye ever see, an Sullivan—dat's de rooster—he'll walk around de coop proudern'n's if he owned Fi't'aven'e. Me ole man was killed on de elevator railroad, and de ole woman she—she washes an' Jen, that me sister, she's been sick a long time. Doctor says she'll die soon, an' she's been wanting a taste of chickin ever sence she onct about four years ago, when she was in de hosspittle. I want Jen to have the chicken, but I don't want her to eat my banties, an' she wouldn't either if she knowed, but ma wouldn't let me tell her. I got me eye on a big chicken down to Wash'n'ton market, and I been huslin' all day an' ain't got half enough money yet. Ef I could get rid of these 'ere papers I could——"

"Where do you live?" Faber asked coldly turning his head away.

"No.—— Bayard street. You'll take one of these yuckstras offen me, won't you?"

But the stranger had gone. With a despairing glance at the big bundle of extras, "Brick" manfully dashed away his tears and again, cried. "Yuckstra! Yuckstras." Thousands of people hurried by the the little shivering figure, but at the end of an hour only three papers had been sold. "Brick began to slowly work his way up the Bowery. At eleven o'clock he reached home, tired, hungry; cold and weeping bitterly. He had fifteen papers left.

"Sally's dead rooster," he moaned as he took a last look at his pets before tumbling into bed.

Early Thanksgiving morning a district messenger boy left two packages at the door of Mrs. White's rooms. One was a great fat chicken labeled, "For Jen," and the other was a bag of feed marked "For Sullivan" and when "Brick" saw them he yelled with delight, seized a wildly clucking bantam in each hand and executed a Bowery war dance on the floor, and the city editor of the brightest evening in New York, assured Faber that his "Brick White's Banties was the best thing he'd done for the paper in six months.

Golden Thoughts.

When you cannot manage your business the quicker you give it up the better.

Every dish placed before the poor is tasted by Our Father who is in Heaven.

Every person is his own hell and there is none other than man makes for himself.

The grave is a cushion of comfort compared to what some folks endure at their home.

A greater coward than he who dare not express his opinions need not be looked for.

To faithfully labor six days of the week is a part of the command to rest on the seventh.

One good thought each day to think of is worth to man more than is all the gold in the world.

A greater fool than he who expresses opinions merely to antagonize another need not be found.

Never accept as a leader any one who fears the result.

The neater your office the easier your business will move,

The tattling busy body is the snake of the neighborhood.

All persons are not asleep when you are.

God is in a dancing room as much as in a church, as He is everywhere.

To be a good helper is better than a poor director.

Every falsehood told by a girl or woman destroys a leaf of her loveliness.

Pity the person who feels it a duty to fire a reproof at another merely to be rid of it.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store; regular size, 50c. and $1.

Every human soul has germs of some flowers within, and they would open if they could only find sunshine and free air to expand in.

New Year's Gifts in China.

The custom of giving presents, and particularly that of exchanging New-Year calls, is essentially Chinese. The coincidence of these two rather peculiar acts of brotherly love coexisting in Holland and Scotland should furnish cause for thought. It is a little singular, certainly that the Chinese, who are not an over-charitable or forgiving race, should enjoin the forgiveness of all debts at the beginning of the new year.

It is amusing spectacle in Chinatown to see the creditor mercilessly hunting down the debtor during the few days that remain. No one is exempt from this necessity, for in order to pay his own debts he must in turn collect what is due to him. The debtor who cannot fulfil his obligations by New-Year goes into bankruptcy by the operations of a custom stronger than law. He undoubtedly earns the contempt of his fellow-men, but at least he is free from their persecution. His debts are forgiven, with quite as much sincerity as could be expected under the circumstances.

Besides this painful phase of Chinese yuletide, there are other preparations to be made for the fitting celebration of the great three-day festival, beginning with the first day of the first month. The red peach paper which has been removed from the doorway must be replaced, and therefore about this time the professional letter-writer of the Chinese quarter takes his station on the street corner, and is busily employed in writing sentences of good omen. Naturally some of these gentlemen are more popular than others, a letter-writer who claims to have passed one of the inferior civil service examinations, or who at one time has been connected with a fashionable joss-house, being more in demand than he who has picked up his smattering of knowledge at school, or by what is an important factor in Chinese education, self-help.

It is quite customary, also, to bring these red paper slips to the joss-house, where for a trifling fee they are stamped with the seal of the joss. Certainly it is worth taking some trouble with a little piece of paper which is to do duty for an entire year; for as soon as the slips have been prepared and stamped, they are glued to the door-posts, against the time when the evil spirits shall return and make the last state of the man worse than the first. The moral which the Saviour pointed out to His disciples that spasmodic effort is inevitably followed by reactions unfavorable to true spiritual development is fully borne out by the history of the Chinese people.—From "A New Light on the Chinese," by H. Burden McDowell, in *Harper's Magazine* for December.

Somebody's Sweetheart.

She is going to be married! She told me so the other day, and she said there were a good many things she did not know that I might tell her about. Bless her I am sure she is somebody's sweet heart and he is to be congratulated. She wants to know how she shall tell people she is engaged to be married. Well, if I were in her place I would have a little entertainment of some sort—a tea or an afternoon at home—and, as my little lady stands by her mother's side, her mother can say, "You must wish Dorothy all happiness. She is engaged to be married to Mr. Charles Brown." Then, if this is too much trouble let her mother write a few letters to friends telling them of her engagement and not imposing any secrecy, and just give Charlie permission to say to one or two men, "I am sure you will be glad to know that Miss Dorothy Vernon has promised to be my wife." And after you have taken either of these methods of announcing the engagement there will be no danger whatever of the whole town in which you live not hearing about it. Then, too, Dorthy wants to know—you see she is a very wise little woman, and is going to make a home for herself—how she shall mark her napery. The prettiest way is to duplicate her own method of writing her initials, in letters about two inches high, with white cotton. On the sheets these go just in the middle, below the upper hem; on the pillow slips they should be in the centre of the upper side, in the middle beyond the hem. On the napkins their placing depends very much on the size. They must be so placed that when the napkin is ironed out, folded to a large square, and folded over to a long shape the initials will be just in the centre. The same rule applies to their placing on the table-cloth, that is, about the position. Spread the table-cloth on the table, and let the initials come where they would be just beyond the hostess plates. I have answered all of Dorothy's questions, I hope to her satisfaction. And now that I am all through I want to say to her, "Dear girl, I trust that you will be a happy wife, a something that you will never be, however, unless you make the man you have married a happy husband, and for this you must work and pray. God bless you and teach you to do what is right."—*Home Journal.*

The laws of health are taught in the schools; but not in a way to be of much practical benefit and are never illustrated by living examples, which in many cases might easily be done. If some scholar who had just contracted a cold was brought before the school so that all could hear the dry, loud cough and know its significance; see the thin white coating on the tongue and later, as the cold developed, see the profuse watery expectoration and thin watery discharge from the nose, not one of them would ever forget what the first symptoms of a cold were. The scholar should then be given Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely, that all might see that even a severe cold could be cured in one or two days, or at least greatly mitigated, when properly treated as soon as the first symptoms appear. This remedy is famous for its cures of coughs, colds and croup. It is made especially for these diseases and is the most prompt and most reliable medicine known for the purpose. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

Few efforts are more unsuccessful, few labors are more unavailing than those of the reformer who has not reformed himself, of the liberal giver who does not pay his debts, of the man who, without any special direction in life, is occupied in guiding and directing others.

Bound to Do His Duty.

During a strike on one of the eastern roads they had to pick up anybody they could to man what trains had to be run. The engineers and conductors on the fast trains stood by the company, but the brakemen were out. The superintendent hired one big bulky fellow fellow, who gave his name as Boscome, to act as brakeman on the Chicago limited.

"Now, boss," he said to the superintendent, "you just tell me what to do and you bet your boots I'll do it. Do you want any strikers killed?"

"No, no. Don't you meddle with them unless they meddle with you. You won't have very much to do unless something goes wrong with the train. Then you help as much as you can, and do what the conductor tells you to."

"And if things go smooth, what do I do then?"

Just shout the names of the stations."

When the Chicago limited started out at 6 o'clock that night Boscome was on one of the sleepers. Everybody was in his berth trying to get to sleep, when Boscome put his head in the door and yelled:

"Brenton Corners!"

"Fo de Lard," cried the porter, aghast, "you mussent call de names out in a sleeping cah!"

"You tend to your blackin' boots and don't interfere with me. I'm a doin' my duty, and don't you forget it."

People put their heads out from between curtains and wanted to know what lunatic was abroad.

The sleeping car conductor expostulated with Boscome, but everytime a lot of lights dashed past the new brakeman yelled "Muggins's Junctions," or whatever name was next on his list. The train conductor at last came along and said he would put Boscome off, but the stalwart brakeman asked him to try it if he thought he could do it.

"I ain't got nut hin' agin you, conductor," said Boscome, "but I'm a doin' what the superintendent told me to do, and you bet I'm going to obey orders. Stiggins's Crossing!"

The conductor pulled the bell rope and the train slowed up.

"Anything wrong with the train, conductor?" asked Boscome anxiously.

"Yes. The air brake's on fire. You run back there about a rod and you'll find a bucket of water beside the track. Bring it to me."

As the train started up again the conductor shouted to Boscome, who was trying to catch up:

"Next time you get on a train you do what the conductor tells you to. Quit running after us; you can't catch the limited. Tramp back and report to the superintendent."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How a Chinaman Kills a Chicken.

One might imagine that the Chinaman who gorges himself with broiled rats and bird's nest soup would eat any kind of meat prepared in any manner, but such is not the case. John Chinaman has his religious notions about such things as well as other people. Many of the almond eyed inhabitants of Chicago are not very good Buddhists. Since coming to the city they have become apostat.

But watch the orthodox Chinaman when he goes to the market for his Sunday chicken. He will not take a dead one because the probabilities are that the fellow who killed it was not a believer in Gautama and had chopped its head off with a hatchet. His chicken must have its head on and be verry much alive.

John will go to the coop and stir the feathered prisoner up with a stick. If he finds one that cackles and flutters about in a lively manner he will buy it.

He has no use of a dumpish, sickly appearing fowl.

Having made a selection he takes the chicken home alive, gets out a dirty little image, kneels before it, makes some queer motions with his hands, mumbles a few words, takes from a shelve or drawer a knife with a double edged blade which is extremely sharp, and with much ceremony whacks of the head of the fowl.

This done he returns to the image, and kneeling again apologizes for having committed such a wicked deed and proceeds to prepare the chicken for dinner. —Chicago Tribune.

What Is a Wife.

The pretty school teacher, for a little divertisement, had asked her class for the best original definition of "wife" and the boy in the corner had promptly responded, "A rib."

She looked at him reproachfully and nooded to the boy with dreamy eyes who seemed anxious to say something.

"Man's guiding star and guardian angel," he said in response to the nod.

"A helpmate," put in a little flaxen-hair girl.

"One who soothes man in adversity," suggested a demure little girl.

"And spends his money when he's flush," added the incorrigible boy in the corner.

There was a lull, and the pretty, dark-eyed girl said slowly:

"A wife is the envy of spinsters."

"One who makes a man hustle," was the next suggestion.

"And keeps him from making a fool of himself," put in another girl.

"Some one for a man to find fault with when things go wrong," said a sorrowful little maiden.

"Stop right there," said the pretty little school teacher. "That's the best definition.

Later the sorrowful little maiden sidled up to her and asked:

"Aren't you going to marry that handsome man who calls for you every day?"

"Yes, dear,' she replied, "but with us nothing will ever go wrong. He says so himself."

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep, depending upon a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your Stomach be disordered you have a dyspeptic look, and if your Kidneys be affected you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and tonic, acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils, and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store, 50 cents per bottle.

Teachers' Local Institutes.

The following are programmes for the Teachers' Local Institutes to be held at various places throughout the county:

PROGRAMME

for a Local Institute of Stonycreek township to be held at Lambertsville, December 9 and 10, 1892.

Recitation—E. G. Ross.

How to teach physiology to beginners—A. P. Kimmel.

Select Reading—F. W. Miller.

Use diacritical marks in the schoolroom—C. E. Ringler